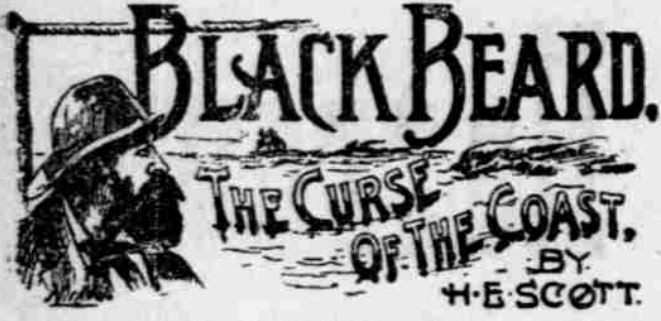


MASTERY.

front my life in the hush and pause
Since the last blow fell: I will ask it now
With truth between, and the challenge
down.
"Which of us two shall bow?"
"I rule my life, or shall it rule me?"
"Am I lord, or slave? Shall I bend me
still
In dull submission to force too strong
For a weakened human will?"
No. I am master; though wounded sore,
A thrall of dreams, or a fool of chance,
Though bound in an ancient servitude
By fetters of circumstance.
Yet face me, life that is known as mine!
Ruler at last—and free.
—Grace D. Goodwin, in N. Y. Independent.



CHAPTER XXVII.—CONTINUED.

At Wilmington there was consternation when the steamer came up the river and reported having seen a vessel, answering the description of the Mervine, lying in the trough of the sea off the inlet, with no one visible on board, and that they could reach her she went down.

The Mervine, not returning, rendered it certain that it was she. But how came she in the trough of the sea with no one visible on deck?

Where was her crew? Was it possible that she had encountered the pirates and been vanquished?

The captain who had sighted her reported having seen no other craft in the locality.

Forty marines and two officers of the law! Had the pirate Bullion led them into a trap?

It was conceded that he had. His acquiescence in the plan to use him to capture or exterminate the pirates was but for the purpose of saving his neck and leading the would-be captors of his friends to destruction.

No one in Wilmington knew for where the Mervine was bound when she left port, as Bullion refused to give any information until they were under way.

Where was the pirate?
No one had seen her.
Would Black Beard have visited Orton without his schooner?

If so, he had disappeared as usual, and left no trail behind.

Who was Black Beard?

Where was Angus Bruce?

There was much surprise at Lathrop's villany, and no regret at his fate, whatever it might have been.

Uncle Sam immediately sent out half a dozen of his fleetest vessels to search the ocean wide for a craft that lay buried beneath thousands of tons of rocks at the head of the estuary of Smith's island, and a crew who slept peacefully beside the crew of the Mervine, in a sleep that knows no waking, deep down beneath the rugged surface of the island.

Aunt Mag, Lathrop's last victim, slept in an honored grave in the little cemetery at Kendall.

On the 20th of November, at midday, a yacht of exceeding beauty sailed through the inlet and dropped anchor off Smithville.

A boat was sent ashore, a gentlemanly appearing man, dressed in fashionable attire, climbed the ladder to the wharf. Piver, the pilot, sat there on a coil of rope.

"Hello, Piver!" exclaimed the new arrival. "Don't you know old friends?"

"Old friends? Yes, but you—blast my eyes, if you don't look like Angus. Say, be ye, sure enough?"

"That I am, Piver, what's left of me; and I believe there's more of me than there was when I was forced to fly from the coast."

"Yes, lad, you have changed much, and you are welcome home again. There be many here who have held from the first that you were neither Black Beard nor the murderer of the banker. All now know who murdered Loyd, and he disappeared as though he had been swallowed up by the waters of the inlet and become food for the hungry sharks. Perhaps he has, who can tell? But baste thee to thy mother, boy: there will be good times in Smithville now."

"Thanks, Piver." Then, turning to the boat's crew, Angus bade them return to the yacht and await his signal.

"That yacht be a clipper, lad. Whence came she?"

"From Scotland, Piver; from the home of my fathers. She belongs to me."

"Why, so you have not fared ill since you ran away?"

"No, Piver, only in mind. My uncle died while I was in Scotland, and left no issue. I am now Sir Angus, and have inherited the estates of my grandfather, with an income of £20,000 a year."

"Twenty thousand pound a year! and recognize a poor old pilot?"

"Ah, Piver, old friend, the pilots of the Cape Fear have been my best friends; and was not my father one?"

"Aye, lad, and a good one, too."

Twenty minutes later Angus entered the widow's gate, but ere he could cross the threshold he was locked in the arms of his mother and sister, while Tobie was dancing a jig on the piazza to the following tune:

"My young master runned away, long time ago,
He come back home, I tole you so, long time ago.
Of the joy of the widow and Jennie over the return of Angus, we will leave the reader to imagine.

"Mother," he said, when they had entered the house, "you can get ready to return to Scotland. I have now a home for you and Jennie in your native land."

"Hugh Gordon told me all, lad. Thou

hast come into thine ain; now belike thou'llst wed Clara Hill."

"Hush, mother."

"Here be a letter, son, and a box that wur left with me at midnight by the pirate Black Beard not a week before the Mervine went down."

Angus hastily tore open the envelope and read as follows:

"Capt. Angus Bruce—Dear Sir: When I landed you at Beaufort that night, I little thought to fall back to my old vocation, but I knew I must keep off the coast for a few days, and give you a chance to get away, then gradually the feeling came over me, to fall back to my former life—with a good stanch craft like the Clara Belle, it overmastered me; I sailed for San Domingo, where I shipped some men, and brought away a cargo of negroes; of my other exploits you will probably read. You have always treated me as a man; I know you to be as innocent of the murder of Loyd, as you are of being Black Beard, but it is supposed that you were he, and better so for you, as they will not search for you elsewhere. In time your innocence may be established; I have made my last trip as Black Beard, the Pirate. I shall make but one more on this coast, and that will be to endeavor to capture Lathrop on the night of his marriage to Miss Hill, in which event I shall cause him to confess his crime, and to sign a written document setting forth all circumstances. This confession, if obtained, I shall send to your mother, and should I capture Lathrop, and not be able to obtain it, I shall hang him at the yard arm of the Clara Belle.

A word more and I am done. You little know when you employed the stranded seaman that morning, and afterwards made him your mate, that you were placing your craft in the hands of San Domingo, the pirate captain of the Nancy, which was lost off this coast nearly three years ago, but such was the case—now as you will probably never see the Clara Belle again, and as I have not the disposition to rob a benefactor, and a man in trouble, I shall leave this letter with a box containing £20,000 in gold, with your mother; as much as I dread to meet her, to remunerate you for the loss of the schooner, in case you are ever able to return home, and if otherwise it will provide for the needs of those you love.

This money is not blood money, neither did it come from the treasury in Washington, but it was received for the negroes we captured in San Domingo, whose condition was rather improved than otherwise, by being transplanted to American soil, even as slaves, so you need not hesitate to make use of it. Now, as we will probably never meet again, wishing you all manner of good luck in the future, that your innocence may be established, and that you may yet win the woman you one day saved from the depths of the Cape Fear, I am unworthy your old Mate.

CALVIN STEWART.

"There is the gold, son. I tried—I tried—but I could not give the mon aw'. When he left the house, I started to call the officers, but I could not doot. What wilt do with the gold, son?"

"I don't know, mother. We can't send it back whence it came; give it to Jennie for a marriage portion."

"Why, the lass wilt not e'en look at a sweetheart."

"Give her time, mother, give her time; our Jennie is particular."

At two o'clock on the following day the yacht made fast to Orton landing.



"The man I love is Angus Bruce."

and Angus followed the rice bank to the house.

He was ushered into the parlor by the maid, who notified Clara that a gentleman had called and inquired for her.

As she entered the door Angus arose and advanced to meet her, and though she knew from remarks made by Gordon that he was liable to come home at any time, she could not repress the cry:

"Angus! oh, Angus!" and would have fallen to the floor had not his strong arms sustained her.

"Clara, dear, dear Clara! can I believe that you are glad to see me home? Glad to know that the stain is taken from my name? I love you, Clara, with my whole heart and soul. It is not Angus Bruce, the pilot, who speaks to you now, but Sir Angus, who has inherited the title and estates of his ancestors. Your father can no longer object to Angus Bruce. Can you love me, Clara? And will you be my wife at last?"

"The man I love is Angus Bruce, the pilot, the brave captain of his schooner, who rescued me from a watery grave and won my heart; but if he wills it, I will become the wife of Sir Angus."

"Wills it, dear? That one hope has borne him through what has seemed an age of uncertainty, during which time he was deemed to be both Black Beard and the murderer of John Loyd. But, thanks to Gordon and Aunt Mag, still now is made clear. Lathrop has probably paid the penalty of his crimes, either by self-destruction or by hanging from the yard arm of the pirate. Black Beard was my former mate, Calvin Stewart, who by this letter you will see but fell back to his old vocation. Ah! your father! Squire Hill, the runaway has returned!"

"And right welcome, Angus, to Orton. Lad I never could see how you could be guilty of the murder of Loyd, but circumstances were all against you. You did well to fly, else I believe you would have been condemned; by flying you got the right man to establish your innocence, and bring the guilt home to it's proper door; of course, when you fled, and the schooner was missing, no one doubted your being Black Beard."

"I have here in my hands, squire, a letter from Black Beard. He was my old mate, Calvin Stewart. Will you read it?"

The squire read the letter, and exclaimed: "He was the curse of this

coast, but I am of the opinion that you owe him much, and then \$20,000 is not a bad return for the Clara Belle; but this money—"

"I gave it to Sister Jennie as a marriage portion."

"Is she then about to be married?"

"Oh, no, she has not even a sweetheart."

"Squire, I have asked your daughter for her hand."

"Well, don't ask me, I shall never persuade her to unite her fate to that of mortal man from this time forth. Twice I did so; both times she yielded to my persuasion, and she has escaped a terrible fate. For that, I thank God. You have my consent, more I cannot say; if there be urging or persuading to be done, you must plead your own case."

"I have made my plea," said Angus.

"And, father, dear, there need be no urging your daughter to give her hand to Sir Angus, when long months ago she gave her heart to Angus, the captain of the Clara Belle."

"Sir Angus?"

"Yes, squire, I have inherited the title and estates of my grandfather, with an income of £20,000 a year."

"Well, well! Allow me to congratulate you. Bless you! Bless you both! Ahem! I must go and find Tom, the young rascal. It's high time that Jennie Bruce had a sweetheart. Clarence and Fannie now have Kendall!

Loyd's fortune; you intend to run away to Scotland with my daughter. Now, if I could just get Tom and Jennie married and settled down here at Orton, my troubles would be ended," and the squire thumped his cane on the parlor floor, and walked from the room.

"Can you take me to the grave of Aunt Mag, Clara?" asked Angus.

"Yes, dear; she lies buried at Kendall."

As the sun was sinking in the west, they stood by a little mound in the lowly cemetery of the slave, at Kendall.

"Faithful soul," said Clara; "but for her I should have been the bride of Lathrop. Could you have seen her as she stood in the chapel at Orton, when after her denunciation of Lathrop she saw that her words were considered without foundation and as coming from a disordered brain, when the clergyman remarked: 'we will proceed with the ceremony.' Her shawl fell from her shoulders, her long, black hair, half to her feet, her form erect, and as the words fell from her lips: 'Ole marster, Mag won't fail,' she stepped forward, her right arm extended on high, and clasped in her hand the handle of a dirk. An instant more, and the blade would have fallen, when—'Hold!'"

"That one word held it poised in the air, and then Mag stood as a statue, while Hugh Gordon, my brother Tom and the officers marched down the aisle. You know the rest, but could you have beheld that scene you never would forget Aunt Mag."

"Forget? No, dear; over her grave I will have a column raised that shall tell what I would have done had she not been slain. I owe her much. It was Mag that roused me to a sense of my danger that terrible night. There I stood, the bloody knife in my hand, paralyzed."

"Fly! Fly!" she cried. 'A nigger's oath can't save you, I'll promise to stick to Herbert Lathrop through thick and thin, and your name shall be cleared.'"

"Well did she perform her promise. She was worthy of a better fate."

Tears were standing in the eyes of each, as they turned from the grave and directed their horses' heads towards the residence of Clarence and Fannie.

A negro took their horses as they dismounted at the house.

The front door was open as they mounted the steps to the piazza, and Fannie and Clarence met them.

Fannie burst into a flood of tears at recollections of the past, while Clarence, extending his hand, exclaimed: "Welcome home, and welcome to Kendall, Sir Angus."

They entered the house. The door closed, and there we will leave them.

Here, too, we will leave Kendall and Orton, yet known in the Cape Fear section and Wilmington, where the historic residence so long ago occupied by Lord Cornwallis still stands; and Smithville, the home of Bruce, where the hardy and adventurous pilots daily place their lives in peril; and, lastly, Smith's island, which still occupies its old position.

A government lighthouse was established at this point many years since, and its refulgent light streaming forth from way up aloft nightly warns mariners that they are nearing the inlet; though it is doubtful if either the rays of Smith's island light, those of the sun—yes, or the orbs of any of the hundreds of keen-eyed seekers for Black Beard's hidden treasure have penetrated the surface of the island to a depth sufficient to arouse from their slumbers the silent sentinels who there lie guarding it.

Certain it is, that for the last half century the Atlantic coast, from Maryland to Florida, has been explored by white and black alike for the treasure that there lies buried.

[THE END.]

Not to Walk In.

An American in England, who had bought a pair of shoes of a fashionable dealer, carried them back soon with a protest. "Look here!" he said, "I've had these shoes only two weeks and they are completely out of shape and the leather is giving away in two places."

The Englishman looked at the shoes an instant. "Dear me! dear me!" he said, "you have been walking in those shoes? That's it, sir! Our shoes are made only for carriage people, sir!" And the dealer loftily bowed the American out of the shop.—Canadian Shoe and Leather Journal.

—There are many families of the mequito; one entomologist saying that there are 52 kinds in the United States.

THE JAPANESE AND DEATH.

Their Decorous Demenor When Attending Funerals.

I have just spoken of the Japanese as behaving simply at funerals. That is only partially correct. They are quiet but not quite simple—so quiet that their manner seems simple. As a matter of fact, they take an elaborate part in the prescribed rites, bowing here, bending there, strewing prayers to the right and sweetmeats to the left. But it is all done "with good accent and with good discretion."

They have the art of arts, the art that hides art. Let me dwell upon this thought a moment. Let me put it another way, for it is one of the most beautiful things that can be said of the Japanese. They have learned to apply to life and to art (their life and art are almost one) the great art principles that Hamlet proclaimed to the players. They, in the very torrent, tempest and the whirlwind of passion have acquired and begot a temperance that gives it smoothness. They are not "too tame." Discretion is their tutor, and they overstep not the modesty of nature. And on no other occasion is this splendid national characteristic of smooth, discreet behavior and appropriate action so noticeable or so grateful as when a number of Japanese gather together about the deathbed, the coffin or the grave of friend or kinsman.

The Japanese are as courteous as they are theatrical and artistic. Their courtesy and their art are closely allied. Their keen sense of courtesy, and their unflinching practice of it, has, I believe, as much to do with the quietness and fitness of their funerals as has their fine artistic instinct. They are as a nation even prouder and more studious, I think, of their courtesy than of their artistic excellence. "Cry; it will do you good!" I said once to a poor Japanese woman who, crouching beside her dying husband, was controlling herself with an effort that would, I feared, make her ill. She laid her little, slim brown finger upon her trembling red lip and shook her head, then whispered: "It might disturb him." "Cry; it will do you good!" I said the next day when the man was dead, and she seemed almost prostrate with grief and overwrought self-control. "It would be most rude to make a hideous noise before the sacred dead," came the soft reply.—St. Paul's.

CENTRAL AFRICAN HUNTING.

Big Birds of Countless Kinds Ready for the Gun of the Sportsman.

There is great sport awaiting the wild-fowl hunters who press across the dry deserts of the North Kalahari to the Boteti or Lake river, as it is usually called. This is where the pelicans, flamingoes, ibises, storks, cranes, herons, fishing eagles, jacons, coots, rails and other aquatic birds unknown to most sportsmen rub bills with ducks, geese, widgeons and teal in countless hosts, offering bird shooting the like of which can scarcely be found elsewhere.

The water fowl of south Central Africa when the Boteti overflows during the dry season, as it does every year from April to August, gather in the great marshes. There are also side shots to be taken daily with rifles at giraffes, wilde beest, gemsbok, springbok and other desert and woods creatures. The camp is made in an open grove of camelthorn and motjeerie trees on a piece of rising ground. Near by is a big lagoon, and at daybreak wild geese tell the hunters to get up, which the hunters do, with loaded guns. A little sneak, which need not be too carefully made, brings the shooters within range, and geese fall flopping to the ground before the sun rises.

Rare leichie—a kind of water birch—may be seen occasionally on still-hunting expeditions.

Near lagoons Egyptian geese, black and white spur-winged geese, knob-billed teal, Cape widgeon, Widow Tree ducks, dark brown African sochards, avocets and lean plover may be seen gathered on or about the water, with other birds as beautiful and as game.

A shot puts them to flight, and for hours one may shoot them as they come and go in screaming flocks, and one may travel from lagoon to lagoon and shoot with no interval of waiting for the game. It is all warm weather shooting, with no cold rains to chill one.—N. Y. Sun.

The Pearl Industry Vanishing.

Fine pearls are often damaged by too much haste on the part of the pearl fisher to get them out of the shells. Pearl diving used to be an important and valuable industry on the coast of Mozambique. Now, according to United States Consul Hollis, the industry is very small. Bazaruto Kaffirs still continue to fish for pearls, but as they roast the oysters instead of letting them rot the pearls are always more or less damaged by heat. The Bazaruto pearls, as well as a few that are obtained near the mouth of the Rovuma, are shipped by the Indian traders to Bombay and Zanzibar. Some years ago, writes Consul Hollis, a concession was granted by the Portuguese government for a company of American pearl divers to exploit the reputed rich pearl fisheries of the Bazaruto islands, which are situated a few miles from the coast and about midway between Inhambane and Beira. An attempt was made to work the concession, but it is recorded by the American consul that "bad management, lack of funds, heavy expenses and political difficulties combined to kill the enterprise."

The pearl diver is gradually becoming extinct, particularly in the vicinity of Mozambique. There is now no local market for pearls in that locality.—Philadelphia Call.

His Request.

He—Can you play 'The Maiden's Prayer' Miss Wayback?

She (with alacrity)—Oh, yes!

"Well, please don't."—Somerville Journal.

—Of the 51,000 breweries estimated to be in the world, 26,000 are in Germany.

THE CORAL ISLAND EXPEDITION

It Made a Complete Failure in Its Operations at Funafuti.

A vigorous attempt to wrest from the jealous hands of nature the secret of the origin and genesis of coral atolls and reefs, commonly spoken of as coral islands, was made last summer by an expedition sent out to the Ellice by the Royal society, assisted by a committee of the British association, under the charge of Prof. Sollas, of the University of Dublin. The chief object of the expedition, it will be remembered, was to ascertain, by sounding and boring, the genesis of a coral island, and the means employed were fully described in the Times of September 5 last. The article on the coral island expedition it was stated that the actual operation of boring through the deposits of coral to the strata below was comparatively easy, "provided all goes well." Unfortunately for the elucidation of the mystery of the origin of coral atolls, all has not gone well. From the report submitted by Prof. Sollas to the Royal society on February 11 it appears that the expedition arrived at Funafuti on May 21 last year, and the first difficulty was to land the boring plant and driving machinery. A landing place having been selected, the heavy plant was taken on shore, and on June 3, within two days of the landing of the apparatus, the first attempt at boring was made near the edge of the lagoon. Progress in boring was at first rapid, the men working day and night in three shifts of eight hours each, and in a fortnight the bore hole was 105 feet deep. But unfortunately the sand poured into the hole faster than it could be pumped out, and when it was certain that no further advance could be made the boring at this spot was reluctantly abandoned.

The expedition then determined to try the outer or seaward side of the beach, and a spot was found where the coral rock seemed to be harder and more promising. Accordingly, trial pits were sunk, and the apparatus and engines brought round to this side of the island. The landing of the plant on the seaward side was, however, attended with great difficulty, so, while some of the machinery was brought round by water, the rest, including the boilers, which were rolled bodily along the beach by natives, was taken overland. News had meanwhile been sent to Sidney, N. S. W., where the authorities very kindly sent out additional boring machinery, which, however, failed to arrive in time. On the outer side, then, of the coral ring, boring was recommenced, and carried to a depth of some 72 feet. But the difficulties here were even greater than they had been on the other side. Had the carbonado diamond drill encountered the hardest rock, it could have cut through it with ease. But no such solid material was found. At a depth of 32 feet coral rock was found, but it was far from solid, and being full of holes, either filled with sand or empty, it was almost impossible to bore through it. As fast as the sand was pumped out, fresh supplies flowed in, choked the tubes, clogged the drill, and eventually rendered it utterly impossible for the most powerful drill to penetrate further. The boring tubes were pushed down some 20 feet by main force, but were interrupted by blocks of coral rock. In short, the water used for lubricating purposes flowed out, and sand poured into the hole, and it was evident that further progress was impossible. So the second boring was abandoned at a lesser depth than had been attained in the first instance, and the expedition left Funafuti at the end of July.—London Times.

THE SHEEP OF LEBANON.

They Are Fattened Like the Famous Geese of Strasburg.

Wherever a handful of earth can be made to rest upon a ledge, there a mulberry plant grows. It is a picturesque and thrilling sight to see a boy lowered by a rope over the precipice, carrying a big basket of earth and cuttings of mulberry twigs to plant in his hanging garden. The crop of leaves, fodder for the worms, is gathered in the same way. By such patient and dangerous industry have these hardy mountaineers been able to make their wilderness of rock blossom into brightly colored silks. Not a single leaf is left on the trees by the time the voracious worms get ready to spin their cocoons, but a second crop comes on later, and a curious use is made of that.

The free-owner purchases one of those queer big-tailed Syrian sheep, the tail of which weighs 20 pounds when at the full maturity of its fatness; and then a strange stuffing process begins, not unlike the fattening of the Strasburg geese. When the sheep can eat no more the women of the house feed it; and it is no uncommon sight to see a woman going out to make an afternoon call, lending her sheep by a string, and carrying a basket of mulberry leaves on her arm. Having arrived at her friend's house, she squats on the ground, rolls a ball of mulberry leaves in her right hand, and slips it into the sheep's mouth, then works the sheep's jaw up and down with the other hand till she thinks the mouthful has been chewed enough, when she thrusts it down the throat of the unfortunate animal. The funny part of the business is that probably half a dozen gossips of the village are seated around the yard, all engaged at the same operation. Of course the sheep get immensely fat, and that is the object; for at the killing-time the fat is tried out and put into jars, as meat for the winter.—Harry Finn, in St. Nicholas.

Well Protected.

Mrs. Grimm (sternly)—Bridget, I must say that I seriously object to that policeman occupying a seat on our basement steps for an hour or so every evening, until you are ready to accompany him.

Bridget—Shure thin shone ships won't hurt him, mum. He'll never catch cold, for he do be a mounted officer an' wears a double-bristed sate in his pants.—N. Y. Truth.

Rescued.

They had been drifting about in the open boat for seven days, and had almost given up hope, when the lookout cried, wildly: "A sail, a sail!"

The only woman passenger looked up and asked, anxiously: "Oh, is it a bargain sale?"—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Then They Talk.

Mamma—Of course, you know, people do not talk in church.

Little Ethel—I know, mamma, except when somebody's getting married.

Twinkles.

—Teacher—"What part of speech is 'kiss'?" Entire Chorus of Girls—"A conjunction."—Tit-Bits.

—Claude (earnestly)—"Am I the first man you ever loved?" Maude—"Why, certainly! How strange men are; they all ask me that question."—Tit-Bits.

—Misses—"This steak is done too much, Mary." Maid—"Not too much for me, mum." Misses—"But I hire you to cook for me, not for yourself." Maid—"Ye think ye do, mum."—Boston Transcript.

—An All-Around Man—"Blondy—'Catson never does things by halves.' Butts—"You bet! He went out the other day to have a tooth filled and came back full all over."—Philadelphia North American.

—Felt 'Em All—"I notice that some fellow says there are 6,456 kinds of fear." "Yes; I've felt 'em all when I've happened to stumble on the stairs at three o'clock in the morning."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

—Painful Disclosure.—"Algernon, dear, how much did you pay the preacher who married us? I want to enter it as the first item in our family expense book." "Great Scott, Esmeralda! I supposed your father had settled that!"—Chicago Tribune.

—"De fahmers," said Uncle Eben, "hez read de papers till it's habd ter sell 'em a gold brick. But many ob 'em goes ahaid 'ez ez usual, bl'evin' de politician dat tells 'em dat he's gwinter mak habd wuhk on necessary."—Washington Star.

—State Pride.—Foreigner—"I suppose even the residents of little Delaware are proud of their state?" Jerseyman—"Oh, yes; every man of them would tell you that Rhode Island was smaller, Nevada fewer and Kansas crazier."—Truth.

IN THE BIG MAIL BOXES.

Live Cats, Empty Flasks and Other Things Besides Mail Matter.

The big mail boxes placed in various parts of the city for the reception of mail matter other than letters are familiar. They are about three feet in height, and they are raised on short legs, so that they will clear the sidewalk. The top of the box is rounded. The opening through which mail matter may be dropped, and which is about big enough to admit a dictionary, is just under the top, in front. It is closed by a vertical cover which turns down on pivots at the lower corners, and which is so weighted that it returns to place when released. At the bottom of the box, and extending across it in front, is a door which is secured by a padlock. This door opens downward, and when open it forms a shelf in front, continuous with the floor of the box. These big boxes are painted red, and on the front of each one is stencilled this announcement: "For newspapers and packages, but not for letters. U. S. mail."

Many things besides mail packages have been found in these big boxes. Sometimes when the collector unlocks the door a cat jumps out and runs away. There are men who appear to think it is fun to catch a live cat in the street and thrust it into one of these big letter boxes. It is not unusual to find in the boxes loose newspapers, put into them under the impression that these are boxes intended for the reception of reading matter for the sick in hospitals. Sometimes empty flasks are found. Having taken the last drink, the drinker, instead of throwing the flask into the street to be broken, considerably drops it into the mail box. Sometimes there are found in the boxes old shoes, put in by people who think that is a funny thing to do. There are found occasionally sandwiches, or parts of sandwiches, dropped in by persons who have eaten all they want or have time for of a quick lunch, or by beggars who did not want the sandwich that had been given to them and had therefore gently, but firmly, dropped it into the nearest package mail box.